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VOLUME XLII. CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 8, 1898. NUMBER 2.

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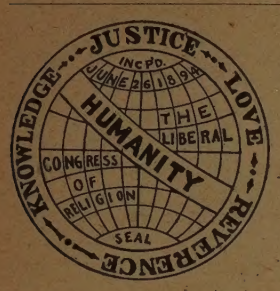
THE NEW UNITY

VOLUME XLII. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1898. NUMBER 2.



TO unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion, to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in oganization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future. —*From Articles of Incorporation of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies.*

Editorial.

"I love God," said the saint. God spake above:
"Who loveth me must love those whom I love."
"I scourge myself," the hermit cried. God spake:
"Kindness is prayer, but not a self-made ache."

—JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

We rejoice in common with the noble of the earth in the splendid suggestion that comes from Russia. Let no one be surprised that it comes from this quarter, for it comes from the land of Tolstoi, Vereschatgen, Tourgeniff, Wolkonsky and many others. The very severities and atrocities of militarism, as exemplified in Russia have brought about an inevitable reaction and have led to this imperial cry for peace. Let the nations of the world take it seriously, so that history may record it as the noblest cry ever sent forth with the sanction of a crown. Great is Russia for having given the suggestion; how great will those nations be that dare act upon the suggestion. Blessed be Russia. Hail! all Hail the heavenly message!

President Harper of the University of Chicago, at a recent convocation announced as the first fruit of annexation, the contribution of fifteen hundred dollars by the Castle family of Hawaii to the University of Chicago. An interesting evidence of a possible growing fraternity in this direction was the arrival last week at the Hillside Home School in Wisconsin of Miss Lena Iokia, from the Kamehama School, Honolula. The young lady is the child of a native Hawaiian mother; is a graduate of the English school in that city and comes to the states to perfect her education as a teacher. On these lines of culture are the chasms of race, geographical remoteness and social distinctions to be ameliorated and eventually obliterated.

When it will be "Cardinal Ireland" the NEW UNITY will be prompt to offer its congratulations, but until it is done we will continue to respect the Archbishop and to honor him in his old position. If the pope wishes to prove his sanity and his sympathy with progressive things he can do no better than hurry along the red cap for the Archbishop of St. Paul.

We are afraid that Frank Bristol was suspected of an oratorical flight when in a recent sermon he said that the Dakota wheat harvest was no less providential than a shower of manna, and that the South Carolina cotton crop was as providential as the quails in the wilderness. This is more commendable as philosophy than it is as rhetoric. Let it be taken in serious prose, not as elastic poetry.

Among the vital topics to be discussed at the Omaha Congress are the following: "Lest we Forget," an address on "Imperialism," by David Starr Jordan of the Leland Stanford University; "Christ and the Labor Problem," by Rev. Frank Crane (Methodist) of Chicago; "The Part Faith Takes in Science and Religion," by Rev. S. R. Calthrop, (Unitarian) of Syracuse; "Our Great Theological and Social Problems," by Rev. J. W. Frizzell, (Congregationalist) of Eau Claire, Wis.; "The Greater America and her Mission in Asia," by Dr. J. H. Barrows, (Presbyterian); "What the Employer Might Do to Settle the Labor Problem," by Rev. N. P. Gilman of Meadville, Pa.; "The Coming Man: Will he Worship?" by Rev. Mrs. S. L. Grum, (Universalist.) Dr. Rainsford (Episcopalian) of New York will be present and discuss some of the problems with which he has so identified his name.

In the discussion as to what to do with the "islands," there is too little attention given to what seems to us the most desirable possibility. It is too often assumed that they must be either returned to Spain, annexed to some other European "Power" or attached to the United States; but why not teach these islands to govern themselves? Why should their smallness doom them forever to foreign dependence? Why should their independence not be guaranteed by the solemn pledge of all parties that may be considered as concerned in their future? Edward Everett Hale proposes that Manila be made a "Free City." This is well, but why should not Manila be a free island as Cuba, as free as Porto Rico ought to be,

unless of their own free will they ask for annexation? Democracy is not a thing of territory or or of members. Give the little islands a chance to take care of themselves.

The following extract from the address of Charles Eliot Norton, the much abused professor of Harvard University, recently delivered at Ashville, Mass., deserves more respect and thoughtful consideration than it receives at the hands of certain prominent journalists. Certainly we have come to a serious, if not to an alarming pass in American politics when such an utterance is disposed of with a sneer and the person uttering it characterized as one wanting in patriotism if not indeed subject of being guilty of disloyalty:

The worst of war is, indeed, that its results can never be fully foreseen, and that they may turn out far worse than the actual calamity of its course. The United States went to war fancying that a comparatively simple, easy, and brief task was before it. Peace has nominally come. The actual conflict has ended; but less than 100 days of war has resulted in revolution in the United States. The foundation on which the republic has rested has been unsettled; the principles upon which the government depends have been violated; we have undertaken obligations which neither our institutions nor our national character enable us properly to discharge; we, the one great non-military power in the world, have suddenly joined the ranks of nations burdened with great armies and navies; we have loaded ourselves with an enormous national debt and with an enormous increase of actual expenditures, a permanent oppressive tax upon the industry of the people; and, further, whatever disposition may be made of the Philippines, we are all ready, through holding them and claiming the right to dispose of them, brought into entangling relations with the nations of the old world, and run the risk of losing the inestimable boon which has hitherto been ours of freedom from the complications of the international politics of the old world, and of remaining the independent masters of our own fortunes. It is, indeed, a momentous revolution.

The following extract from C. F. M. Miel's article in the July *Atlantic* has been widely copied, but deserves a place in this paper for the revelation it gives of the beauty of life which it is possible to nurture under irreconcilable systems. The Catholic church and the independent faith represent opposite poles of the theological world, but the good Bishop Cheveres, the first Roman Catholic bishop of Boston, and the venerable and reverend Dr. Gannett were very near to each other. They were members of one communion, and both exemplified the holiness of love:

"Abandoned in a miserable cabin outside of Boston was an infirm negro. The bishop found him out, and, without informing any one, every evening, after his day's duties, quietly made his way to the cabin, and spent his time with this afflicted creature, washing and dressing his sores, making his bed, and providing for his various wants. A servant, who remarked that on the bishop's return his coat was covered with dust and feathers, wondered where his master went, and followed him afar off on one of his excursions. Looking between the loose timbers which made the wall of the cabin, he saw the man of God engaged in his work of mercy.

"Dr. Gannett told me this story with a kind of admiration for such devotion on the part of a prelate. Little did he suppose that I myself would surprise him in the exercise of a no less humble and Christ-like charity. I had been told that a certain German teacher, Prof. Sherb, was lying ill in a cold and comfortless attic in a miserable quarter of the city, and had no one to take care of him. At my first free moment I sought the lodging of this poor man, but Dr. Gannett was there before me. I found him at the door with a broom in his hand, with which he had been sweeping the room of the invalid. I entered and found the sick man sitting up in front of a newly lighted fire carefully rolled up in a blanket, eating grapes which had been brought him by the good Samaritan. The mattress had been removed from the bed, the sheets had been put out to air, the meagre furnishings of the room had been put in order, and all this by the hand of my excellent friend, who appeared quite confused when caught in the act."

We take special pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the article of Professor Christie, of Meadville, on "The Place of Literature in Theological Education," printed in another column. It is a timely article, and we are glad to be able to announce that already Meadville has inaugurated the innovation urged, by the appointment of Mrs. George R. Freeman as Instructor in English. Mrs. Freeman is the wife of the late lamented Professor of Hebrew literature. She enjoys not only the confidence and love of professors, students and community of Meadville, but she is herself a skilled teacher and brings to the work a trained mind. We trust and believe that she will be able to lay the foundations of a line of study that will be second in importance to no other topic in the present curriculum. If inspiration is continuous and if prophets and prophecy are not confined to any given age or race, it goes without argument that other things being equal, the prophets and the prophecy that utter themselves in the vernacular, that represent the inspiration and the travail of spirit of modern life, are the most available for instruction and guidance. The English song may carry a thought where the Hebrew psalm fails. The call of a modern prophet like Browning or Lowell or Emerson may stir where even Isaiah or Amos cannot reach. But we must beware of suggesting an antagonism where none exists. It takes a poet to interpret a poet, and the prophets must be explained by prophets. The minister who starts out upon his career unequipped with the wisdom and inspiration of Wordsworth, Tennyson, Browning and Emerson, goes without some of his most effective weapons. Poetry is serious business. Its message is available only to the students and the workers. Let our theological schools bend themselves to the task of studying for their sermon resources, the poets of the English language, and there will be fewer stupid preachers and fewer empty pews in our land.

Tower Hill Summer School.

Now that the two weeks work are at an end, we take time to write a few editorial comments concerning this academy in the woods. The final verdict of all concerned is so satisfactory that it is worth while to inquire into the elements that combined to bring about the helpful result with the hope that such centers may be multiplied and that more people will seek such re-creating centers in summers to come. The Tower Hill venture is not an assembly or a summer school in the popular acceptance of these terms. They seek variety and such attractions as will draw. At Tower Hill simplicity was studied and the crowd was not expected and could not have been provided for had it come. Only a few lines of study were offered and they challenging continuous attention. In the literature section but few poets were touched and but few poems of these poets studied, but the interest was cumulative, the attendance regular and the enthusiasm unflagging. So with the nature studies and the sociological lectures in the evening. The nature studies were as far removed from the the technical and the text book as possible. Miss Shryver of the Ypsilanti State Normal School did not teach botany, but with the primrose, the sweet pea and the mushroom not only in hand but in position as they grew on the hill slope, gave the synthesis and not the analysis of plant life, set the whole into the larger whole and related the individual to the universal in a way so as not only to interest the group reaching from the seven and eight-year-old up to the gray haired teacher and preacher in the individual in question, but in the great world in which it was set. At Tower Hill the rock in position, the bird in the tree, the trees growing and the flowers unplucked were the objects of study.

Perhaps more than ever before Tower Hill rejoiced in its inconveniences, its seclusion and remoteness from all that distracts and superficially attracts; these gave coherency and the long arc of contact to those who did come. The enrollment probably reached a larger number of regular attendants than ever before. There was less anxiety and consequently more confidence and comfort in the program. Professor Perisho was present to quicken the class again this year on local geology. Dr. Libby led his bands into all sorts of forest wildernesses at all hours of the day and night, to listen to the songs of the birds and to be introduced to their significant tints and tones. Miss Amalie Hofer of the Chicago Kindergarten Institute was present this year to give an interesting insight into the sociological and psychological import of this institution, and here again the actual rather than the theoretic was pursued. She taught a large circle of the larger boys and girls. One of the interesting features was the Saturday night musicals, organized and led by Miss Harriet Brown of Chicago, who has been trained to the work under the masterly hand of Professor Tomlins, with whom she has been colaborator for many years. These again were not performances in any sense of the word. There was much singing but not a concert. There was some dancing but not a "Dance." There was no "social functions," though much sociability. There was no "dress parades," but there were many walks and two notable Saturday drives, the best making a circuit of twenty-five miles. It included a cavalcade of sixteen mounted men and women, including boys and girls, five wagon loads of people and one commissary wagon with ice water, melons and other picnic luxuries. Mr. Hartwell of Dixon, a practical gardener, President of the State Horticultural Society, was the center around which tree studies gathered.

The lecture by Hoyt King on James Whitcomb Riley in the evening course, followed by his inimitable renditions from the Hoosier poet, was a delightful relief on what otherwise might seem a rather solemn program. Mr. King won the hearts on Tower Hill as he has won the confidence of the honest voter in Chicago. Whether as interpreter of the James Whitcomb Riley poems or as secretary of the Voters' Municipal League in Chicago, he is a young man whose conscience and culture promise a growing factor of usefulness. He is henceforth a life member of the Tower Hill fraternity. Mention also deserves to be made of the one departure from this program. Mr. Jones' closing lecture in the course on the sociological novel which was to be on Mrs. Browning's "Aurora Leigh," was laid aside for a lecture on "Thomas Carlyle," by Mr. L. J. Duncan of Milwaukee, and if any of our readers within reach of Milwaukee can secure this lecture before any of their study classes next winter, they will secure that which will give them pleasure and profit. Mr. Duncan speaks with the ardor of a disciple and with the intensity of a reformer concerning the brave and grim Scotchman.

The first and second Sunday work has already been reported in these columns. The last Sunday was the annual grove meeting, which has become an institution in this countryside. For eighteen years, with the exception of the great Columbian year, these festivals of fellowship have been held in the open air. Here again the attendance probably reached its maximum this year. It was a most representative gathering of four or five hundred people, reaching from Chicago to the farm carved out of the pocket in this bluff country. All faiths and no faith were represented. In the morning Mr. Duncan of Milwaukee preached a

sermon indeed on "Failure." After dinner Mr. Hawley of the Unitarian Church of Jackson, Mich. preached the opening word, Elder Loomis and the Editor of the NEW UNITY putting in their "improvements" as is the custom. Rev Mr. Mitchell, secretary of the New Hampshire Unitarian Association was fortunately with us and gave his greeting.

If any of our readers think of all this work as either wearying or exhausting to the students or the teachers they may well reserve their sympathy, for the general testimony is that it was refreshing and renewing. For the most part the program moved along with its own momentum. In preparing for another year the anxiety was to plan for an extension of the term, so that the stream of helpfulness might move on still more calmly and quietly with its helpfulness, but we cannot go farther into details. We have said this much, hoping that our readers will begin even now to plan for the next year's grouping, in little centers of from twenty to sixty souls, where the cost of living will be cheaper than staying at home, where the companionship will be such as delights the heart, and that the mental activity will be such as to renew and enlarge the life. The eighty or a hundred people who came into the Tower Hill circle this year will endorse the following sensible clipping from a London paper:

"I wonder when we shall learn how to take healthy holidays?" the head doctor of a leading London hospital said to the writer the other day.

"At present the percentage of illness is nearly treble after the holiday season, and its cause can be traced to the holidays.

"Perhaps one man in every hundred really profits physically or mentally by his trip to the seaside or continent. People don't seem to understand the difference between resting and rusting.

"A man who has spent many months without physical exercise ought not to suddenly put an abnormal strain upon his system by bathing twice a day, because he has only fourteen days by the sea, or by going on long trudging excursions which would tax the energies of a well-trained athlete.

"On the other hand, it is just as injurious for a man or youth who has been used to applying his mental capacities to some one object for several hours every day for many past weeks, to suddenly withhold all food from his brain for a fortnight or more. In fact, to this growing tendency among our youth to loll away their holidays doing nothing, may be traced the alarming spread of insanity. The brain cannot stand the sudden shock. What I want you to impress upon your readers is that moderation in all things is the only way to keep healthy, and that they should not forget this even when on their holidays."

Not always age is growth of good;
Its years have losses with their gain;
Against some evil youth withstood
Weak hands may strive in vain.
With deeper voice than any speech
Of mortal lips from man to man,
What earth's unwisdom may not teach
The Spirit only can.—*J. G. Whittier.*

The Liberal Congress.

Hospitable to all forms of thought: Everyone Responsible for His Own.

In the Pine Country.

A PAPER READ BEFORE THE TOWER HILL SUMMER SCHOOL BY HON R. L. JOINER, WYOMING, WIS.

The great white pine belt lies across the northern parts of the States of Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota. There was some small bodies of white pine in Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Northern New York and the Canadas. I remember seeing in my boyhood the stumps of a magnificent grove of white pine on the banks of White river in Vermont. It had been cut during the boyhood of my grandfather, who was then nearly eighty years of age. Gradually as settlements were made on the rapidly receding frontier, the white pine was cut, and the young pine did not replace it. The reason for this is, probably, that in the eastern States and Canada white pine grew generally on bottom, or valley lands, lands suitable for cultivation; and in our western States the pine was cut in large bodies to supply lumber for the immense treeless country south and west of it, and fires destroyed the young plantations as fast as they were started from the seed of the old trees. I have seen some beautiful plantations of young white pine in Ashland and Sawyer counties, Wisconsin, which were protected on the west by lakes from the fires which are often driven before the prevailing westerly winds. The pine tree is prolific in seeds, each lobe of a pine cone containing a seed which only needs to fall in a favorable place to become a young tree.

White pine did not grow, as some suppose, all over the north part of this State. It grew in strips along the streams and in broad belts across the State, on the level plateau where the great rivers of our State have their origin.

One curious fact I have noticed in a grove of pine. Nearly all the trees seem to be of one age and differ but little in size, as though they were planted the same year, which may have been the case, though often it is difficult to find any trace of the patriarch trees which bore the seed. Old woodsmen suppose that when these great pine trees were seedlings the climate was moister than it is now, and that tremendous tornadoes or hurricanes were frequent, which leveled large tracts of forest at a blow, and the groves of our day sprang up on the ruins of their ancestors.

The date of occurrence of the most of these storms was long ago, so long ago that the oldest Indian does not remember to have heard when it took place. The bones of the pines lie there, if we may so express it, unconsumed and unconsumable by the elements or by fire, the saddest sight in the world to a lover of trees, and a source of never ending regret to the lumberman who cares only for the lumber which has been destroyed. There are many varieties of pine, but the most common in our State of Wisconsin are the white pine, the Norway, or broad leafed yellow pine, and the pitch or Jack pine.

The white pine as a lumber tree has not its equal in the world. The lumber is light, durable, sufficiently strong for finishing work, easily worked, carries paint well, and is superior in these qualities to any other lumber in the world. The Norway pine is harder, heavier, coarser, but has its advantages in strength and stiffness, being used for frame and trestle work, bridges, flooring and the like. The Norway pine is re-foresting itself over large tracts of Wisconsin lands, notably in Sawyer and Washburn counties. Its only enemy seems to be fire. The young plant is not so easily destroyed, and one hundred years from now will see some splendid Norway pine, if the settlers who are going into our northern country are only wise in their generation and do not destroy the young trees for the scanty grass on the barren sands and gravels where the Norway pine loves to grow.

"How old are our oldest pines?" some one has asked me. I have counted the rings on many stumps and I have never found one that was growing "when Columbus came over." One hundred years in fairly good soil will make a giant pine. I do not suppose they ever live for five hundred years, or we would find some with proportions like the Sequoias of California, that are supposed to have been standing when Christ was born in Bethlehem.

The largest pine I ever saw was in Jackson county. It was called by the rather ungrammatical name of "The Three Twins." It or they was or were three trees growing from the same root, each exactly like the others, about 200 feet high, and seven or eight feet through above the fork, which was just above the ground. This tree stood in a forest of smaller pines. Evidently it was one of their ancestors. The rings on the stumps of the younger trees dated back 120 years.

The finest pines are scattered among the hardwood trees, towering away above them, dominating over them, relics, probably, of a time before they existed. You can see them in clumps and single spires all through the hardwood country of the north. And then in the white pine forest there are scattered giants of the Norway pine, towering away above their white pine cousins, landmarks, where they can be seen, to the *voyageur* in that ocean of trees.

Thousands of the most beautiful pines and spruces, larches and hemlocks, cedars and firs, just the right size for transplanting, grow in those northern forests. How often I have wished for an Aladdin's lamp to transport some of those lovely groves to civilized neighborhoods, or to transport my friends to the woods that they might enjoy with me the pleasure of looking at them, and be carried back again before they realized the hardships, privations, and discomforts of a dwelling in the deep woods. I have been for weeks without seeing a newspaper, a letter or a postal card, for two weeks at a time living on meat only. Yet I have never been tired of breathing the balsomic air, hearing the wind moan in the pine tops far above, or seeing the majesty of a great forest of trees.

It is said that a plainsman never gets lonesome on the prairie. He has the heavens and the earth for company. A woodsman never gets lonesome in the forest. Each tree has an individuality of its own.

I have hunted, explored and surveyed all over the northern part of the States of Wisconsin and Minnesota, around the head waters of the Wisconsin, Chippeway, St. Croix and Mississippi. I have seen many wild scenes, had many strange experiences and adventures; I have met many wild sons of the forest, both white and red, and have become pretty well versed in wood craft, forest lore and forest myths. One of my curious and characteristic forest experiences I will relate.

I was hunting during November 188– on the Chippenazy river in Northern Wisconsin in company with a white hunter named Bill —— and three full-blooded Chippewa Indians, who had pitched their birch bark wigwam near our little log cabin. The Indians had their squaws, pappooses, dogs and ponies with them, and all except the ponies lived in the one wigwam; three hunters, three squaws, six pappooses, and three dogs, with all their earthly belongings,—clothes, bedding, household utensils, weapons, ammunition and provisions. The wigwam was sixteen feet long by twelve feet wide on the ground, narrowing to an opening six feet by two at the top, which was twelve feet above the ground. Of course there was no vacant space inside. There was a fire in the middle and numerous lines and poles were stretched across overhead, where in the smoke hung drying their store of meat for summer consumption and the skins they were tanning for moccasins and clothing. Just think of it, three families living comfortably and good-naturedly per force all winter in one room sixteen by twelve. To a civilized man at first sight the interior of that dwelling, crowded as it was with all the adjuncts and parapharnalia of savage life, was one of the most disorderly places that could be conceived. The catch-all of a civilized dwelling could not hold a candle to it, but as in the course of the hunting season I came to study that interior, I found out what I might have been sure of in the first place as being necessarily so, that the interior of that wigwam was arranged as systematically as the works of a watch. Everything had its place, and everything was, when not in use, kept in its place. The wigwam was divided into three sections, each occupied by a family and its belongings, with, of course, a common fire in the center. The laws of *meum et teum* were observed as strictly as in the most elaborate apartment house in Chicago. I camped within one hundred feet of that wigwam for four weeks; I visited and observed those "pagans" by night and by day, and I never saw the least manifestation of anger, envy, jealousy, pouting, sulking or "nerves" in those Indian women. I never heard them scold their children, their husbands or each other, and I never heard any of the children cry but once, and that was when one of them fell into the fire. What three Christian families could be selected who could live together for so long under such circumstances and so harmoniously?

The first week of November was warm; too warm to keep game without cutting it up and drying it as the Indians did. Bill and I put in the time exploring the country, blazing courses from camp with our hatchets and compasses four or five miles in different directions, away back into the forests and swamps, clearings and windfalls to guide us home at nightfall when the real hunt began. We killed

a deer or two to keep us in camp meat, and heroically forebore to use our rifles on more than one proud buck or sleek doe, because the venison would spoil on our hands before we could get it out of the woods.

On the 6th day of November there came a chill in the air. The flies and beetles which had been sporting in the warm Indian summer air disappeared; the sky that had been so bright and blue turned gray, and the sun sank that night dim and cold into a bank of leaden clouds.

Said Bill, with prophetic confidence, as we knocked the ashes out of our pipes, before rolling ourselves in our blankets on our fragrant spruce bough bed, "Hear the owls hoot, Bob, and the wind moan. We will have a tracking snow in the morning, and cold weather from this out."

Bill was right. We opened our cabin door next morning and looked out on a six-inch sheet of snow, and met a whiff of zero air from the north pole that took our breath away. The hunt was on. A hurried breakfast and a hasty consultation with our red companions, carried on wholly by signs, as we knew not a word of Chippewa nor the Indians a word of English, and away we went on our arranged routes and to our assigned stations. That day was a successful hunt, but an ordinary one. The weather grew colder. The next day we separated, the Indians following some deer into a large swamp and Bill and I following another band away west of camp down a long ridge of old slashings, flanked on either side at the distance of half a mile with a dense wall of giant pines.

The deer were not frightened and we had the wind of them. They kept the crest of the low ridge among the poplars that had grown up among the old pine stumps, and we crept along after them, hoping to overtake them as they stopped to play or feed or sleep. We were about two hundred yards apart, hooting occasionally like owls to be sure of each other's whereabouts. Suddenly out of the air overhead or the woods east or west of us, or the ground beneath our feet, came a sound, a cry, a moan, a groan, the agonized cry of a dying giant, with more volume to it than any steam whistle I ever heard. The sound shook the air, ran along the walls of the forest, and died away in the distance, only to be repeated again at intervals, weird, mysterious, and unlike anything we had ever heard before. It was not loud or deafening, but grand like distant thunder, or we could fancy, like the mighty blast from the trumpet of an archangel. How shall I describe that awful wail of a lost soul? I am not a timid man, but my heart came into my throat every time I heard it. Soon I heard Bill hoot and whistle, which was the signal to come together. I answered, and in a few moments met Bill, his face white with fear, his rifle shaking in his hands.

"What noise was that?" I asked.

"Durn me ef I know," said Bill. "I've hunted in these woods for sixteen years, and I never heard anything like that before. I don't think its anything natural. Let's go back to camp and wait until to-morrow; I believe its a warning of some kind."

"Oh, Bosh, Bill! I don't believe in such things, though I can't imagine what it is," I said. "Is there a steam mill anywhere in this country? It may be some wag is cutting up tricks with a steam whistle to scare the Indians."

"No," said he, "there is no mill in twenty miles, and no cars in twelve. That sound was made by something not five miles away. I was on higher ground than you, and I think it came from away over west. I wonder what is over there."

While we were talking the sound came again, faintly at first, then gradually growing louder, until the very air shuddered with the immense volume. Then it died away as before in groans and sighs of agony, so humanlike and unearthly that we looked at each other in amazement.

"Well," said Bill, "you can hunt in these clearings ef you want to, but I don't any more until I find out what that is, and that it won't hurt a feller."

It surely came from the west, and we concluded to explore a little in that direction before going to camp, as the day was not more than half gone.

We entered the woods, and as soon as we did so the sounds ceased entirely. We came out of the woods again after going about half a mile, but could see nothing to the west of us but a long stretch of barrens covered with fallen timber and small poplar brush. Far away, about three miles, was a strip of green timber again, but we could hear no sound.

"Durn me," said Bill, "ef I ain't beat. I think there is a large lake over in that timber yander. We hain't got time to-day to go there without we camped out, and we ain't fixed for that. Let's go back to camp to-day and go over to Swan Lake, as they call it, to-morrow."

"Agreed," I said, and we took a course for camp.

That night around the Indians' camp fire we tried to tell them what we heard, making the sound as nearly as we could, pointing up into the air, down to the ground and with a sweep of our hand around giving them to understand that we had heard something we could not understand, but failed to give them any idea of the magnitude of the sound or its mysterious origin. They looked inquiringly at us and at each other. We pretended to have been frightened at it. The Indians pointed to our guns and intimated by signs that we should have hunted for it and shot it. We gravely shook our heads and in sign language told them that our guns could not kill it. We tried to tell them it was a spirit, but did not succeed for they only laughed and showed their guns, and said by signs that they would kill any thing in those woods. Finally a squaw who had taken no part in the conversation got up from the blanket where she lay, and pointing up to the sky and down to the ground, then sweeping her arm around, she repeated the sound we had heard better than we could have done ourselves, and looked at us inquiringly. We both nodded our heads, as she had evidently understood what we were inquiring about. She then turned to the Indians and talked rapidly to them for a few moments, when they all went into an immoderate fit of laughter. They nudged each other, chattered at us, mimicked the sound we had heard, pretended to be frightened, pointed to our guns and began to laugh again. Bill took offense. "Let's go to our own fire," said he; "these durn red skins haint got no manners. I don't know

what the pesky varmints are a-laffin' at, and they don't neither."

Just then the flap to the tent swung open, and a half breed hunter entered on his way to his own camp some miles down the river. He could talk good English and we were always glad to see him on that account. We told him the story but he could give no explanation of the mysterious noise, and the Indians laughed at him. After talking with them in their own tongue awhile, he told us that Big Thunder, the chief hunter, said they had often heard what we heard. It occurred only once a year, they said, and could be heard to perfection in only a few places. They explained that the frost king was tying up Swan Lake and she was a-squealing; or, in less poetical and figurative language, Swan Lake had frozen over and the expansion of the ice caused it to crack with tremendous force and noise, and at certain places within three or four miles, where the walls of woods were just right, the noise was repeated by echos, and at some places actually magnified and transformed into what we had heard. The Indians had felt the earth shake at times a mile or more from the lake He assured us that that was the true explanation of it, and we could verify it for ourselves if the weather continued cold on the next day by a visit to the lake.

The next morning we started, and by ten o'clock entered the green timber we had seen, which proved to be only a narrow fringe around one of the most beautiful lakes I have ever seen. It was about three miles long and three-quarters of a mile wide, as smooth as a mirror except where it was furrowed by the immense cracks or fissures which ran from shore to shore. Even while we gazed at it the ground shook, and with a report like that of a field piece a crack started from the shore, and with a force that shook the whole surface of the lake it ran with a startling scream across to the other side. It was not exactly the sound we had heard, but it accounted for it. Carried by the wind for miles, reproduced and reverberated by forest walls, it had become transformed into the weird, unearthly groan which had mystified us. We soon found a living spring of water, and, building a fire, ate our dinner. After lunch we thought we would explore the lake shore. The fringe of timber was about eighty rods wide on an average. Some of it was splendid pine. Bill said he had heard that there was a homesteader's cabin there somewhere, and we soon found it, a neatly hewn log cabin with a board door and two glass windows. There was a stone chimney topped with sticks and clay, but not a sign of life around the place. We opened the door for it was not locked, the latch string hung out. Inside was everything that a woodsman would need to furnish his cabin, even to provision of all kinds. There was a neat double bunk well furnished with blankets, a trunk, clothing hanging on the wall, a revolver and a pocket compass on the table, wood and kindling near the fire place, fishing tackle, a gun and cartridges in a belt, and a file of papers. But, curious to relate, the dust and mold of years were on everything. Evidently it had been years since any one had disturbed a thing in the cabin. The latest date of the file of papers was four years before. I opened the trunk; it was not locked. In it were those trinkets that a woodsman keeps—an almanac of four years before, some dusty photographs, a bundle of old letters, some underclothing, shaving apparatus and tobacco and pipes. In one corner stood an ax. A tin cup hung over a rusted and twisted tin water pail. Everything, even to the cooking utensils, looked as though the owner had left some morning expecting to come back that night and had never returned.

"Well," said Bill, "this is cur'ous. Why haint the Indians robbed this shanty before now? I don't understand it. They must know where it is, and there is more stuff here than any of them have got in their wigwams, and I don't see why they have not taken it."

I took a fish-hook or two, and Bill cut up an old blanket for foot rags, as he called what he wore under his moccasins instead of socks, and we went back to camp.

That night we told the Indians by signs what we had found. It was some time before we could make them understand, but when we did so they looked horrified, chattered to each other, and would have nothing more to say to us. They did not show us the door of the wigwam, but as Bill said, "gin us the cold shoulder" so unmistakably that we soon left. A few nights afterwards our half breed friend came along, and we asked him about the cabin at Swan Lake. In reply he told us the following curious story:

"About nine or ten years ago," said he, "there lived down at S—— a Dutchman whom I will call Hans. He was an industrious, ingenious fellow, and old Captain W—— took a great notion to him. He used to work for the old Captain in the woods winters and chore around down at the Captain's place in the summer time. Having so much time on his hands with little to do and plenty of money, he got to drinking and in a very short time became a perfect sot, of no use to the Captain or anybody else. He seemed to lose all will power when he was around where he could get liquor, and spent his money and his time in the lowest groggeries. The Captain thought lots of him, and he was a useful man in the woods where he could not get liquor, but all effort to keep him straight at S—— was a failure. Finally one summer after Hans had spent all his money, the old Captain said to him one day, 'Hans, you will never quit drinking down here. I have got a job for you. There is a piece of government pine up at Swan Lake that I want, and the only way I can get it is to have some one homestead it and live on it long enough to get a title. Then I will buy it of him for what the pine is worth, and there is eight hundred dollars in it for you. You will never get that much money together any other way. You can get the land for nothing by living on it five years, or prove up at any time after the first year and get your title by paying two hundred dollars, which I will advance to you at any time when you get tired living up there, and take it out of what I pay you for the pine. I will advance you a homesteader's outfit and stake you from time to time with clothing, provisions, tools, ammunition, etc., by an order on our store at H——. I will furnish you with everything but money and whiskey, and you must agree to stick to the land until you get your title, and not leave it for more than a day or so at

a time for fear some one will jump your claim. If you will give me your word to this, all right; if not, I will get some one else.'

"Hans agreed to it, and they shook hands over it. The Captain sent his timberman up to Swan Lake with Hans, staked out his claim, and Hans sent in his application for homestead on the land. The nearest railroad station was nine miles away. There was no road but a trail, and all the supplies had to be carried in or dragged on a handsled in the winter time. Hans stuck to his cabin for three years. At last he wrote to the old Captain to meet him at E— C— with two hundred dollars, as he was tired of the woods and weaned from liquor, and wanted to prove up.

"Hans shut his cabin door one morning about four years ago and went down to old Threebaskets, who keeps a shebang down at a railroad siding in the woods below here, sold the old half breed furs enough to pay his passage to Eau Claire, flagged the train and went down to the land office to meet the Captain and prove up on his land. The Captain was there according to agreement. Hans made the necessary proof, the Captain furnished the two hundred dollars, and then bought the land of Hans, paying him about five hundred dollars in cash, after deducting all expenses. Hans put four hundred dollars in the bank, and went on a terrible spree with the other hundred, but after a month or two, in a sober moment bought a ticket for Threebasket's siding, got on the cars and one afternoon dropped off the train at Threebaskets, looking like a crazy man. There were a number of hunters both red and white at the place. They tried to get him to talk or drink or take a hand in a game of cards, but after a while he bought a pair of web snow shoes of old Threebaskets and started off for his cabin. The snow was about three feet deep, and the last they saw of him he was staggering along his trail in the direction of his claim.

"Some weeks after that, the same lot of hunters were at the old Frenchman's, and they got to talking about Hans and wondering what had become of him. Finally a young Indian hunter to whom Hans had done some kind favor some time, picked up his snow shoes and said he was going to see. The Indian soon disappeared in the forest, but in an hour or so came back on the run, his eyes starting out of their sockets, and yelling, 'Men! men! come! come!'

The whole party started at once, and a mile or so out on the trail they came on a terrible sight. The deep snow was beaten down over a spot twenty feet square; branches were broken from the small trees, and poor old Hans stood leaning against a bush, dead and frozen stiff, his eyes wide open staring at vacancy, his clothes torn to tatters. His hands were broken and mangled, there was blood on the bushes, and every evidence of a terrible conflict, but no sign or track of an antagonist. There had been neither snowfall or thaw since Hans had left the station, and only his own snow shoe tracks led to where his body was found. Evidently he had been overtaken with a fit of delirium tremens and had imagined trees and bushes to be foes, had broken his own hands against tree trunks and branches, and had perished finally, vanquished by the phantoms of his own brain. To the superstitious hunters white and red, his conflict was with real demons, and the story of Hans Rupert's fight with devils is told to-day all over northern Wisconsin. Not an Indian nor wild white person will go near his cabin. Old Captain W—— will cut the pine trees some day from Rupert's claim, but until then no one will molest that cabin or any thing in it."

The northern woods are full of such stories and such experiences. The most vivid imagination of our romancers cannot exaggerate the wildness of the people, white and red, who live back in the woods, away from all the civilizing influences with which we are surrounded. The public school has sought them out in places where two or three dwellings are near enough to be called a neighborhood or settlement, but the children are as wild and as untamable as quails. One homesick little school ma'am whom I once met in Price county related to me some of her experiences. She said in winter time the snow was so deep and the weather so cold that it was almost impossible for the children to attend; and in summer time after the opening exercises her scholars would slip away, one at a time, through the open door or window, and go hiding in the bushes or playing in the brook or in the lake like little muskrats. They were just about as teachable as partridges.

The stillness of a pine forest, the silence, the absolute silence, which like the darkness of Mammouth Cave, is unrelieved by a single sound for hours, is the thing which has impressed itself upon me most. No one can really say he has ever been in a place where there was *no* sound unless he has been in the depths of a pine forest from daybreak until the sun is an hour or two high. I have sat for two hours on a winter's morning and have absolutely heard no sound that I did not make myself. I could hear my watch tick in my pocket and my heart beating as plainly as I ever heard the beating of a big bass drum. The great ocean of air over me and around me was so absolutely calm and responsive to the least vibration, that the light-footed step of a deer on the pine needles forty rods away was as distinct as the step of a heavy man would be on a board floor. The rustle of a tiny-footed pine squirrel on the bark of some giant pine seemed as loud and startling as the rattle of a heavy wagon over a paved street. Another thing has impressd me in the pines. As I have walked along the columned aisles of some great pine forest, and looked up to the evergreen ceiling one hundred and fifty feet overhead, I have felt as like a dwarf about two feet high, although ordinarily I feel as big as anybody. I could never get rid of that feeling in the forest, and I can imagine if I and my race should live there for many generations we would become real dwarfs, like those whom Stanley is said to have found in the forests of Africa, whose diminutive stature he explains as due to absence from sunlight and the breezy atmosphere of more open country, but which I can conceive to be due in part to the mental influence of tall trees.

These stories and impressions are only a few of thousands that could be drawn from the experiences of a woodsman's life—a life as different from that of the civilized world as if it belonged to another planet.

The Word of the Spirit.

"Get thée up into the high mountain; lift up thy voice with strength: be not afraid

The Place of Literature in Theological Education.

FRANCIS A. CHRISTIE, PROFESSOR FOR THE MEADVILLE THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.

A conservative theologian once explained to me his fear of Biblical criticism. The Bible had been the religion of Protestantism and Protestantism had offered the Bible to all men as a book intelligible to all. But now the old, fixed, doctrinal clues to its interpretation were gone, and the book must be studied historically. That meant for the common man the blight of a demand for scholarly acumen and erudition. It was an expulsion from the garden where God himself walked with men to a life where man must eat his bread in the sweat of his face. Personally I am not agreed that this is the result of eating of the tree of knowledge eventually. Society will have won a popular framework of historical notions by which the Bible will interpret itself more readily than ever, and it is, in any case, an exaggeration to say that the spiritual value of the book depends upon an accurate historical insight, or that it ever depended on the dogmatic scheme of thought. Not the intellectual needs of doctrinal theorizing, but the more ethical and emotional spirit of pietism gave the bible its great popularity of use in the Protestant world. In religion there is a timeless, unhistorical element, and nowhere is that element expressed more than in the Bible. Some parts like Judges, Chronicles and Jude may fall from use, but there is still left for provateordification and church scripture lessons a wealth of inspiration and elevating religious expression.

For the theological student of to-day one may, however, feel a regretful sympathy. In the social division of labor it falls to him to master this new learning of the Bible that he may guide other men to the new outlook over the past of religion. Some day the task will be simplified, the hot competition of theories having yielded a survival of well tested and mutually confirmatory views. If at present there is sweat upon the student's brow, it cannot be helped. It is the common lot, and surely his share of affliction is lighter than that which has befallen the students in any other acre of the world's inheritance. Nevertheless we admit an appeal to our sympathies. We cannot but desire that the Bible shall be more than a field for exploits of scholarship. The student must be faithful to his share of the world's duty to establish a true history of religion, but he ought at the same time to appreciate the Bible in a freer literary fashion, and to give himself to its great emotional suggestiveness unconsumed by anxiety about the important questions of data, authorship and redaction. Without this kind of appreciation he must surely be left with a defective notion of what constitutes Scripture. It has often been suggested that the present onesided treatment might be remedied by adding courses on the purely literary aspect of the Bible. Without antagonism to that I wish to urge a more extensive correction of the theological programme. The remedy is certainly one of addition not of subtraction. The theological school would be false to its mission if at the present time it diminished the opportunities of labor upon the canonical classics of religion, yet I am sure every expounder of Biblical criticism would hail with joy the time when his students brought a riper and more intense appreciation of that which we call literature. A more intimate sympathy with modern English literature would add immensely to the love of the Bible as studied critically, and would correct the false perspective of a merely critical inquiry.

There is another aspect of the case. We must surely admit that the hopes of men like Erasmus have been disappointed. They fancied that the scriptures would be all sufficient for the satisfaction of men. "I long for the day," said Erasmus, "when the husbandman shall sing portions of them to himself as he follows the plow, when the weaver shall hum them to the tune of his shuttle, when the traveller shall while away with their stories the weariness of his journey." Alas! nothing great in literature has any such hold on life as that! Could the Bible have thus served even cultivated classes, no other literature need have been produced in the days since the Reformers. Not only has the Bible been supplemented by the great treasures of English hymnody, but for two centuries the English race has found an added expression in a succession of poets, assigned to the world, but yet, in fact, intensely and increasingly religious. Successive aspects of modern religious history have found their most delicate and permanent illustrations in poetry. The dust of time lies undisturbed on homily and tract; the poets live. The "Essay on Man," "The Universal Prayer," "The Excursion," "In Memoriam," Arnold's "Stanzas from the Grand Chartreuse," Clough's "Qui Laborat Orat," these are great utterances of the faiths and the sad longings of generations of men. To these expressions of the human spirit and not to the Bible alone society turns for relief and solace and cheer. They, too, are Scripture. It is by help of these that we are initiated into a true sense of the more ancient treasures. Stopford Brooke's "Theology of the English Poets" is a proof of the priceless value of our poetic inheritance for every student and teacher of religion.

It will be said that a knowledge of this literature belongs to general culture, and that it has no place in the special programme of a theological school. Unfortunately it is just this kind of general culture which is "sadly to seek" among theological students. Were every student a college bred man the case might not be different. The typical college course in English literature is something quite unlike Stopford Brooke's delightful lectures, and it is not to be expected that the average Methodist or Presbyterian college, for example, would give so much place to a religious literature so dissolvent of doctrine and sect. There are two good reasons why every theological school should expand its programme to include the religious poets. In the first place a certain balance and relief is won. The more severe historical and philosophical inquiries are disciplinary in value. They build up a *Weltanschauung* in which religious enthusiasm and conviction can be sustained, but they have their full effect only in

maturer years. They do not feed enthusiasm and refine the moods of youth unless they are supplemented by such distillations of their essence as we find in poetry. A literary course comes as a finer cultural agency and a relaxation.

In the second place, a theological school has two aims. It is set for the advancement of science and also for the practical object of furnishing what is essential to men for the pastoral office. In view of this practical aim we affirm the propriety and necessity of adding an assistance to insight and appreciation in a field of interest which the modern sermon shows to be intimately related to pulpit preparation and which has nurtured the higher life of those to whom the sermon is addressed. Certainly a knowledge of moods which the great poets have felt more subtly and profoundly than other men, and have expressed more purely and more powerfully, would lend an effective value which is sometimes lacking in the ministrations of the pulpit.

There is finally a reason why a Unitarian school should thus enrich its curriculum. Unitarians have accepted the critical modern view of the Bible. This involves no disparagement of the contents of the Bible. It does mean, on the other hand, the abandonment of the dogma of a limited canon. It is, for example, in the acceptance or the rejection of a New Testament canon that the issue of conservative traditionalism or critical modern apprehension consists. The early Catholic Church, with considerable tact, singled out from the mass of early literature the documents of greatest value for church reading and for definition of the faith. The illusion of the church was in attributing some of these documents to apostolic hands, and in imagining, as time went on, an inspired authoritativeness for everything apostolic. Having recognized the element of illusion here, there is absolutely no reason why we should not widen the limits of our sacred Scriptures and include all that most truly and nobly expresses the divine experience of man. I am far from thinking it wise to introduce any and everything into pulpit use as scripture lesson. It is necessary to act here with the utmost caution and delicacy, and to let our future accepted range of selection grow up as the result of concerted experiment and careful combined criticism. The dogmatic notion of a canon being dropped, the eternal fitness of things must still be consulted, to say nothing of the tenacities of ancient feeling. Conservatism in this respect does not, however, justify a sluggish conservatism in the definition of Scripture for the individual's use, whether he be layman or minister. In our theological schools we have long since ignored the canon in studying the history of early Christianity. The Epistles of Clement, the Didache, the Aubor and Diognetum are more important than certain elements in the New Testament. We need only to extend this liberality of attention and recognize that the Scriptures which contain the purest and highest reflex of religious experience and religious meditation include such great works of edification like "The Imitation," "The Theologia Sermanvea," Martineau's "Hours of Thought," and, in another category, the religious poets from Dante to Browning.

Mr. Dole has criticised the curriculum of Divinity schools as a survival of the abandoned idea of a special revelation in the Bible alone. This is far from being the true state of affairs; at least in Meadville. Our programme rests upon an entirely different conception of the entrance of religion into human life, and we may claim to have even more liberality of conception than belonged to the Alexandrian catechetical school of the third century. The comparison, nevertheless, is to our disadvantage. Our problem is like theirs. They attempted and we attempt to see religion in its full historic import, and to make our Christian inheritance significant for minds which, unable to accept a mere tradition on authority, must assimilate it to a wider culture which transcends the limits of the Christian Church. We have a greater hospitality to the history of religion in India, in Persia, in China, to matiers, that is, which can be grasped only by a disciplined scientific method. We ignore, as they do not, the freer and more eloquent religious utterance of poetry. They studied the poets of pagan Greece in the light of a doctrine of universal revelation. We ignore even the most Christian of modern religious seers. The Alexandrian school accomplished its purpose. It produced a reconciliation of culture and traditional belief, and made possible the triumph of Christianity over all other efforts to establish a world wide religion. That we may accomplish a like purpose in our day, it is necessary that our programme of study shall be enriched, and in particular that we should offer to our students an insight into the spiritual productions of the greater souls, who, more than any systematic theologians or scholastic philosophers, have penetrated the social mind of the modern world. It is by communion with these later elements in the Scriptures of man that we understand the religion which is spirit not dogma, life not custom, wide, free, universal. From such study the ancient Bible has nothing to fear, everything to gain.

Schleiemacher wrote: "Not every man who believes in the Holy Scriptures has religion, but only he who understands them vitally and directly, and therefore could for himself easily dispense with them."

Even should we hold a less optimistic view of the harmony of essential Christianity with the literary expression of the modern spirit, the theological school dare not ignore a powerful rival. A German theologian, Tröltsch, has lately made recognition of this aspect of the matter: "The literatures of the great nations are only the work expended on the religious and ethical problem, the problem of humanity. With these literatures theology must enter into discussion, and in comparison with that debate, the scholastic occupation with learned theological problems is a harmless parochial pastime, a quarrel of children in a burning house."

Queer Neighbors.

In one of the stores in New York are two departments that are very interesting to the children. One is devoted to canary birds and the other to Angora cats. These supposed enemies, of course, are caged; but they do not seem to annoy each other in the least. The birds sing as cheerfully as though there were not a cat within miles, and the cats sleep and doze as though a bird were a thing entirely beyond their interest. The cats' cages are beautiful, roomy, and furnished with rugs; and many of them have baskets trimmed with ribbon.

The Study Table.

"Before The Dawn" is the title of a little volume of poems, songs and sonnets from the pen of Joseph Leiser, lately published by the Peter Paul Book Company of Buffalo, New York. The title is appropriate, for the dawn of poetic attainment is still beyond the horizon and the book will be a disappointment to the reader with such expectations as might easily be formed by one familiar with the record of the student and preacher. But it is not the fault of the brilliant young Hebrew scholar that he has not yet passed under the burden of years sufficient to assimilate his knowledge, clarify his English and ripen his experience. We shall look hopefully for his next venture in the field of authorship. E. H. W.

A Buddhist Catechism.*

While many in these days of inquiry are hearing about Buddhism, and many are wondering just what is Buddhism, the definite statements and explanations contained in this compact volume at low price are timely.

Soon after the author went to the Orient, about twenty years ago, he conferred with the leading Buddhists of Ceylon, where Buddhism is the national faith. He studied his subject and prepared a Catechism for that faith. Being literary by avocation, he was the right person for the need which he saw. His catechism was first printed in 1881. It has now been printed in twenty languages, mostly by Buddhists, for Buddhist nations. Its acceptability is therefore self-proved.

The title page is headed with the symbolic diagram—a serpent with tail meeting its mouth, and inclosing the hexagon made by the double triangle. The circumferential ring means eternity, which hath neither beginning nor end. The enclosed triangles, mutually interpenetrating, mean—spirituality, which is the light one with upward apex, and materiality, which is the heavy dark one, with downward apex; and means toward the earth, earthy.

The Catechism was designed to present the tenets of the Southern Buddhistic countries, and they are essentially the same as the vast Northern Buddhism which extends over unmeasured, undefined boundaries in Central Asia.

The author has accomplished his aim: to present Buddhism both succinctly and comprehensively for the convenience of beginners. In this 33rd edition he arranges the subject in five sections: the Biography of Buddha, the Doctrine, the Ecclesiasticism and the History, which gives interesting details of Buddhism's rapid, remarkable spread. We in general are better informed about the diffusion of Christianity and Mohammadanism, because they being more modern, their events are more availably accessible in our histories. We ought to know also that Buddhism was of all religions the earliest pattern of missionary zeal and efficiency.

The final section compares the doctrines of Buddhism with the scientific researches of to-day.

More than a hundred Buddhist schools in Ceylon use this Catechism. These schools have been opened by the Singhalese people within the last few years. It is an educational Buddhistic revival, which has been stimulated chiefly by the same catechismal author. Singhalese Buddhism was before, lethargic, torpid, and superficially dead or dying.

This inexpensive little volume is a helpful reference book, and as such it ought to be owned by every eager searcher after whatever truth has been stored away in the Orient.

The price—given only in "annas," an Indian coin—is probably, more or less, 25 and 75 cents, pamphlet or cloth bound. It could be obtained through the Theosophical office, 26 Van Buren street, Chicago, or ordered direct from the publisher, Adyar, Madras, India.

The necessary technical terms present an idea of the conciseness and unexcelled euphony of Pali, the language of the earliest Buddhist Scriptures. It was the common speech of the region where the itinerating Buddha preached, and was stereotyped into classic form by subsequent copious Buddhistic literature; and in euphony Pali is the Italian of the Orient. Sanskrit and Pali compare like German and Italian. Pali is the sister, not the offspring, of Sanskrit. It appears to be less difficult. Pali scriptures, at present, take the letters of whatever language they are printed in; but Sanskrit, and all the Indo-Sanskritic languages, are believed to have derived their alphabetic forms from the ancient Pali. Our Harvard University, Massachusetts, has an industrious Professor of Pali.

The Sacred Scriptures of all the Southern Buddhist countries being in Pali, this Catechism of Southern Buddhism very properly gives the necessary technical terms in Pali; and with all the other terms, the Pali Kamma and Dhamma might well have been given also, instead of Karma and dharma, Sanskrit words. These two terms, Kamma and dhamma, are a forcible instance of the identity of Buddhism and Brahmanism, in their fundamental principles.

On the list of authors consulted, there is a perhaps inadvertent omission of the excellent names of Spence Hardy and Alabaster.

There is a very interesting mention of the clear cut, legible inscriptions of Buddhist doctrine by imperial Asoka in several places in India. They have endured through two millenniums of intervening events, and are truly pillars of testimony for Buddha and Buddhism.

Some paragraphs of the current forms of doctrine greatly need to be expatiated into an essay, that might be too long for the present moment; and to the mind that has already studied the subject, one paragraph here and there affects and explains another.

This little volume of definition, comprehensive and clear, ought to be kept for constant sale in America. It is the best brief exposition of its grand subject. And in other regard than brevity, it is not surpassed, unless we each for ourselves take Childers, Spence Hardy, etc., with volumes by living students also, season them with our own reason as directed by the Teacher himself, and so make our own opinion as to what was, is and forever will be, the Buddhism of Buddha.

ANNA BALLARD.

* The 33d edition of the Buddhist Catechism, by Henry Steele Olcott, P. T. S., published at Adyar, Madras, India.

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FRI.—For works of the mind really great there is no old age, no decrepitude. It is inconceivable that a time should come when Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, should not ring in the ears of civilized man.
SAT.—The sense of beauty enters into the highest philosophy, as in Plato. The highest poet must be a philosopher, accomplished like Dante, or intuitive like Shakespeare.

—*William E. Gladstone.*

Duty.

I reach a duty, yet I do it not,
And therefore see no higher, but, if done,
My view is brightened, and another spot
Seen on my moral sun.

For, be the duty high as angel's flight,
Fulfill it, and a higher will arise,
E'en from its ashes. Duty is infinite—
Receding as the skies.

And thus it is, the purest must deplore
Their want of purity. As fold by fold,
In duties done, falls from their eyes, the more
Of Duty they behold.

Were it not wisdom, then, to close our eyes
On duties crowding only to appall?
No; Duty is our ladder to the skies,
And, climbing not, we fall.

—*Robert Leighton.*

Why Harry Lost the Prize.

Miss Brown, the teacher, had offered a prize to the scholar who would be perfect in attendance and punctual. She made this offer at the beginning of school in September, and the contest would close on the last day of school in June. The prize was a handsomely bound volume of "The Boys of '76."

Miss Brown was teacher in the seventh grade, and her class had just taken up the study of history. She was rather doubtful at first whether they would like it, but much to her surprise the larger part of the scholars enjoyed it very much. Harry was only twelve, but was bright and quick in some studies. He disliked grammar and arithmetic, but enjoyed history and geography. He had wanted this book for a long time. The other children enjoyed the novelty and during the first eight months or so, a large number were perfect. But with the warm days of spring their interest decreased, and many stayed out a day or so, and still more were tardy.

When only one week of school remained, Harry was the only one perfect. He thought to himself that now he would surely win the prize. But one morning he overslept, and as he had quite a distance to go, he knew he would have to hurry to be in time. A few moments before he reached the railroad crossing, he saw an old lady walking up and down the crossing, apparently hunting for something. As he drew near he saw that she was very poorly clad, and looked tired and hungry.

"Why," thought Harry to himself" I do believe she is old Mrs. Lane who lives in that "shanty" near the corner. I wonder what she is looking for? Tom Benton told me last night she was "awfully poor." He had reached the crossing by this time and as Mrs. Lane looked up he touched his cap respectfully. He was about to pass on, but his naturally kind heart prompted him to say, pleasantly, "Have you lost anything?" In answer to this question, she said, "I have lost a half dollar that a lady gave me for doing a bit of work for her. I am sure that I lost it as I was passing the crossing for I heard it fall. I have looked for it a long time."

"Oh, dear," thought Harry, "I suppose I ought to help hunt for it, but if I do I shall be late, and then I'll lose the prize. But then, I suppose she needs the money more than I do the book." So pushing down the feeling that urged him to go on, he said kindly, "Perhaps I can find it for you."

"If it isn't too much trouble" she began timidly, but he interrupted her with "Oh, it's no trouble at all." In less than fifteen minutes he had found the money, which was lodged in a crevice where only a boy would have thought of looking, scarcely replying to her many thanks as he hurried on to school. But those few moments had made him late by ten minutes or so. Trying to keep back the rebellious tears, he entered the school-room and took his seat.

"Why, Harry, how did this happen?" said his teacher, "I am sorry you are late. But Harry fixed his eyes resolutely on the lesson before him and did not answer.

A few days after, Miss Brown heard the story from Mrs. Lane, and the next time she saw Harry told him that she thought more of him now than she would have done, had he been perfect.

It will not be many weeks before Harry's next birthday, and perhaps among his presents he will find "The Boys of '76."—*The Myrtle.*

Day by Day.

"God broke our years to hours and days,
That hour by hour
And day by day,
Just going on a little way,
We might be able all along
To keep quite strong.
Should all the weight of life
Be laid across our shoulder, and the future rife
With woe and struggle, meet us
Face to face
At just one place,
We could not go;
Our feet would stop; and so
God lays a litte on us every day;
And never, I believe, on all the way,
Will burdens bear so deep,
Or pathways lie so threatening or so steep,
But we can go, if by God's power
We only bear the burden of the hour."

—*Selected*

Act well at the moment, and you have performed a good for eternity.

DOGMA.—Teacher: "Mary, make a sentence with 'dogma' as subject." Mary (after careful thought): "The dogma has three puppies."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

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Editorial.—All matter for the Editorial Department should be addressed to Jenkin Lloyd Jones, 3939 Langley Ave., Station M, Chicago, Ill.

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The Liberal Field.

"The World is my Country; To do good is my Religion."

HUMBOLDT, IA. Unity Church of this place has extended a call to Rev. E. M. G. Hodgin of the Meadville Theological School. Mr. Hodgin enters upon an interesting field of work with powers well pointed with earnestness, and the NEW UNITY extends congratulations to him and the happy parish.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. All Souls Universalist Church of this place has extended a call to Rev. A. N. Alcott to become its pastor and he has already taken charge of its work. Mr. Alcott is an honest man and follows his mind wherever it goes. When he goes to Minneapolis he goes to take hold with all his might and we trust that it is the inauguration of a work that will be as extensive in time and genuine in character as that which he did at Elgin, Ill.

RICHLAND CENTER, WIS. Rev. Mr. Mitchell of New Hampshire, recently preached to the liberal people at this place and had cordial hearing.

CHICAGO: Mrs. Celia Parker Woolley has resigned the pastorate of the Independent Liberal church.

MADISON, WIS.—The following circular letter from W. D. Simonds to the members and friends of the Unitarian Society at this place, is a word that is applicable to many locations. We print it in full as a psychical letter which may answer as a communication from any pastor to any parishioner. The topics appended show that Mr. Simonds is dealing with live questions, and live men and women ought to wait upon the ministrations of his pulpit:

We have come to the close of our annual vacation. It is necessary that we should consider earnestly the work of the coming year. Shall we merely repeat the past, or shall we press forward to new labors and new victories? It must be entirely proper for me to remind you that your responsibility is no less real than mine. When work begins for the minister ought not work to begin also for the people? First of all, I urge upon your attention the great importance of loyally supporting with presence and helpful suggestion the Sunday service. That done, much else is possible. That left undone church work suffers in all departments. Beyond question the regular Sunday congregation is the center and soul of healthy life and growth in any church. To neglect this service is to endanger all those beneficent interests for which the church stands.

In view of these facts, and that you may at the very beginning "lend a hand," will you kindly call attention of all persons likely to be interested:

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 4.

Introductory Address, "The Czar's Peace Overture."

Sermon Topic: "Nevertheless, the Sun Rises."

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 11.

Introductory Address: "Edward Bellamy."

Sermon Topic: "Seven Surprises of the Spanish-American War."

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 18.

Introductory Address: "The Religious Import of Telepathy."

Sermon Topic: "Satan's Prayer."

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 25.

Introductory Address: "Is England to Become the World-Power?"

Sermon Topic: "The Fate of all Religions."

OMAHA.—Unity pulpit has been recently supplied by Revs. Celia Parker Woolley, H. M. Simmons, W. E. Copeland, George W. Stone and Arthur M. Judy.

Boston and Return, 19.00, via The Wabash Road.

On account of the meeting of the I. O. O. F. Sovereign Grand Lodge at Boston, September 19 to 24 the Wabash Railroad will sell excursion tickets from Chicago to Boston and return at $19.00 (one fare) for the round trip. Tickets good going September 16, 17 and 18; good to leave Boston, returning, not later than September 30th, 1898. Wabash tickets will be good via rail or boat between Detroit and Buffalo at option of passengers. The Wabash new "Continental Limited," leaving Chicago every day at 12:02 noon, will place you in Boston next afternoon at 5:50,—only one night on the road.

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Other trains for the east via the Wabash leave at 8:50 A. M, 3:15 P. M. and 11:30 at night.

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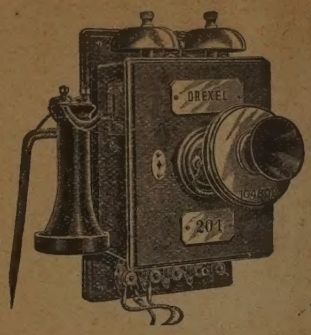

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